

Deception & Redemption!

by Zero10

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Summary: An Archer, presumed to be long lost in time in hunt of Holy Grail, has finally returned to serve the justice upon the dwelling darkness that had consumed the Empire. The myth, was he? Or, the legend, abandoned long ago? Little did it matters for the Assassins of Night Raid, for they knew he could bring a difference. (Need a Beta-reader!)

1. The Fateful Encounter!

****Fate Stay & Akame Ga Kill Crossover!****

****Disclaimer:** I do not own anything, neither Fate Stay nor Akame Ga Kill, none here, obviously with the exception of the story written by me. Both the anime' belongs to their respective owners though. Leave a review in case; you readers feel the need to share any constructive criticism and ideas that might help to improve the story, or if you have any questions to ask. Appreciative reviews are always welcomed, but ensure to leave no flame behind. Shirou already had enough flames of his past to deal with.

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****Rated M for safety!****

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><p>CHAPTERâ€™01

****THE FATEFUL ENCOUNTER!****

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><p>It feels the same.<p>

The blazing flames spilling from Holy Grail itself, were lashing out and capturing everyone in reach within its loop, and then devouring them until nothing remained. These flames encompassed everything they found. His parents, friends, and then the villager were sacrificed in that war; their scream of pain and anguish went unheard in the darkening sky as they were scorched to death and the flames itself cursed the air with the malice of its merciless hatred and fury, but sparing one from its untamable infernal that had meaninglessly massacred people, the sole survivor whose life changes for good, Shirou Emiya.

Yes, it does feel the same.

On a shaking leg, crimson blood drenching him, he forcefully pushed himself forward, in hope to survive. Every step he took, that only renewed the pain. The twisted fate had left nothing but void in those eyes as he continued pushing himself forward. The screams of charred bodies still echoing in his ear, but he kept moving forward.

Unsteadily. One step and then another. He kept moving forward.

That was him, with the resolve that can never be deterred...which can never be broken.

But despair had numbed him.

Even after all these years, away from the haunting past, unreachable to that place that snared everything from him.

It feels the same.

The utter anguish that exhaust him of the remaining hope, and he collapsed on the ground, his breathing body but life fading joined the incinerated uncountable bodies scattered on the ground.

That little anticipation of seeing light again painfully attenuating within him.

It feels the same.

Exhaustion finally caught up with him claiming his mind with blissful unconsciousness, despite the sheer pain courting inside his body.

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><p>Shirou's eyes flew open, revealing his pale steel-gray orbs devoid of any emotions, staring at an unfamiliar ceiling as he ignored the rather soft comfort of a mattress and the gentle warmth of a blanket covering him. Casting his sharp emotionless gaze around, he quietly analyzed his surroundings but found no one around.<p>

Pushing himself to sitting stance, Shirou winced at the redoubling pain that sent waves of excruciating angst throughout his body; his right arm clutching his left shoulder out of reflex. The blanket skidded down his frame revealing his bandaged, toned-muscular torso and mortally wounded shoulder; his mildly long snow color hair bangs obscuring his closed eyes.

Where was he?

How had he got here?

Who brought him here?

Shirou knew nothing. He doesn't remember anything that could answer him about his whereabouts. All he recall was the feeling that immobilized him, trapping him into an unbreakable frozen ice, and he was cold. His eyes snapped open at the recollection.

"Esdeath."

Shaking his head as he ran a hand through his hair, he still had retained his pitch-black trouser. Throwing away the blanket, he stuffed his legs into the metal plated, shoes. Looking around, he noticed his pitch black-armor on a table and the red folded shroud beside it. The next moment, he was donning his clothes, the armor revealing his muscled chest and torso, while the shroud covered both of his arms, shoulders blades, and from the back of his waist to his legs; the shroud tied with an agemaki knot.

As he finished redressing, he looked himself in the mirror. So many things had changed in these years, but it remained same for him. He wondered why the encounter with Esdeath hadn't brought him death, and it was time to find answers he sought. He reached for the doorknob, only for the door to creak open before he found himself facing a tall man, bull horns protruding from the side of his purplish-blue haired head, clad in distinctive white robe with red-line margin over the black outfit beneath, tied by a red cloth around his waist while a red disc was attached on his chest region as he held stave mace in his right hand.

Shirou's eyes narrowed, at the stoic-face of the man that radiates confidence beyond his comprehension. Something was off though. Could he really call him a man? For beginner, even for humanoid appearance, he has freaking horns on his head, and second, not a single responsive movement from almost colliding into him.

"You're awake."

Shirou's eyes twitched once at the obliviousness of the man. "Are you the one who brought me here?"

"No."

Shirou's eyes twitched for second time, but that was it when abruptly the man reached out and smoothed a ripple in the shroud covering his right arm. Shirou was already flipping backward from sudden act out of instinct, his right lower appendage greeting the man square in the lower jaw with enough brute force to snap his head back, and send him reeling away. The man dug his foot in the ground to halt his

movement, creating trench in the ground before he pivoted the mace, blades protruding from it and he levelled it at Shirou only for using it to parrying away the white Chinese falchion that almost made him headless.

Shirou went with his momentum and countered with another rotatory swipe of his black falchion that was knocked away by the lower adjunct of the stave that set off a mild oscillating shockwave upon impact; his build outmaneuvering by then to delude the overhead charge that shattered the ground upon impact.

Shirou leaned back to let the backhand miss him by inches before he brought both Kanshou and Bakuya down at the assailant; the overhead charge was intercepted by the staff with such agility that it almost left the sword user flabbergasted, but he hid it well. Experiences from such previous situations don't allow him to lose his cool in the midst of a fight. As Shirou frisked back, he quickly feinted left but sidestepped before bouncing around with such grace that left the deathly counters of the mace-holder acknowledge thin air in-between, while he let his mind wonder the current predicament.

He definitely wasn't weak. However, the man standing in front of him was potential competent enough to duet his sync. Not surprising, when he have confronted several who adequately outclass him. But, that's was the difference. He had contended with many, and the experiences' he gained, not to be taken lightly. Then, does that imply, this man was stronger than he let on?

Shirou stiffened as he watched the man standing his ground, barely moving a muscle. Arrogant, was he? Or, was it his pride? None in this realm or any other should be capable of holding themselves with such dignity in such circumstances, not after testing him atleast. Even the Teigu holders of this realm would be unnerved, otherwise at the very least, they would disclose their mental perturbation.

Except for one.

Esdeath.

That woman outclassed him in swordplay. Yes, that what it was to her. A mere play, effortlessly triumphed by her. Such a laureate she was when it comes to draining blood. But, this man wasn't her. Though, he was presumably an adept fighter.

"What's your name?"

"Susanoo."

Shirou sweat dropped. Apparently, this man was also irrationally calm and lacks the adroitness to unveil emotion. However, Shirou still acknowledge the name with a slight bow of his head. "Shirou Emiya."

Shirou leaned forward, strengthening his footing on the ground before bursting forward; the ground exploding at the propulsion of the sword wielder. However, Shirou watched as Susanoo stepped towards him with the mace inclined at him and then an instant later reappeared right next to his side. The sword bearers' eyes widen in shock and time seems to have slow down to his perspective at the mace escalating at him. Manipulating his frame from the curve of the horizontal trail,

Shirou contravened with the flat surface of Bakuya before driving his elbow into the throat of the attacker and sent him flying across the area, his body slammed hard into the ground and created another trench in the process.

Shirou stand his ground as he pondered the situation. Astonishingly, Susanoo only seems to be countering his attacks. It may be his surreal anxiety, or maybe it is what he failed to conceive until then. The lacks of the Holy Grail in this realm, and yet his summon must be the cause. However, the most dubiety thing was the missing of his master; the lack of trace to track him down and his deliquescing will to search for his master.

It was all strange.

The probability of deeming the next act a mistake was high when considered the unfamiliar place and face, but Shirou trusted his instinct. He let Kanshou and Bakuya dematerialize in thin air and straightened himself, discarding the posture. Susanoo acknowledging the act with the retract of the mace; the glistening blades disappearing instantly.

"Why did you attack me?" Shirou scowled incredulously, folding his arms on the ground, most probably to hide the slight twitching of his fingers that itches to again attack at his assailant.

"I was only smoothing your dress."

Shirou blanched at the response. "You're doing what!?" He face-palms and shook his head, several beads of perspiration accumulating on his forehead. "Never mind me."

"Well, I should be rather saying that, please don't mind Susanoo here." The feminine voice intercepted the conversation, prompting Shirou to look at the purple-eyed, short silver haired woman, in her teen. An eye patch over her right eye while she was donning a greenish-black suit that exposed her cleavage; her right mechanical arm on her hip and a cigar help in her left hand while the black cloak over her back whipped in the slight breeze; but what caught Shirou's attention was the impish grin adorning her face. "He's just a perfectionist-freak."

"And, who would you be?"

The woman puffed at her cigar. "Najenda, I'm the leader of the assassination group, Night Raid." She then looked at the young man and extended her mechanical arm. "And, I'm here to ask, how you would like to join Night Raid?"

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><p>Just a prologue, you can say by the length of the chapter. Akame Ga Kill is not a lengthy anime in any perspective, so small chapters won't be a problem for me to upload rather frequently or as frequently as I could. I know, it's not a regular crossover many likes to read, but I kind of had this idea for a while and decided to put it in paper |well actually on my laptop.</p>

**Now to clear few things, Shirou here is an Archer. How he got here,

who's his master and what's his duty? All sorts of questions would be answered as the story progress. Then, there would be no Holy Grail War here. But, I'm still inputting seven masters and seven servants in this story. The reason would be a secret for now. I have already nominated a master and a servant here. That leaves six more. Fate-Stay characters can be included here as alternate versions, so you all have the option to suggest whom you guys want to see in this story. If there's no recommendation, then I would continue as I please. **

Until next time, enjoy this prologue.

2. Night Raid!

CHAPTER 02

NIGHT RAID!

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<p>-RECAPITULATE-

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><p>-RECAPITULATE END-

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><p>"He's Shirou Emiya, the newest member into our little group of assassins." Najenda recited the same lines she had to speak before the Revolutionary army commander, as she sat on her supposed throne with the members of Night Raid rounding up her and the Archer in the middle.<p>

Shirou leaned back against the wall and shook his head in denial, his eyes surprisingly closed. "I'm afraid but I'm no part of Night Raid. I only acquiesced to offer my aid in what you lots are trying to accomplish against the Empire. I'm foretelling this so that I won't be mistaken as one of your own."

"What was that supposed to mean!?"

Shirou idly opened his eyes and looked at the rather below average height young girl with very long pink hair tied in twin-tails on the right and left sides of her head while donning the same color pink outfit while her big pink eyes glared at him. And, did he forget to mention that she presumably have a big mouth for her age that merely utters gibberish whenever she opened it, a fact he didn't missed after coming here.

Sighing, Shirou straightened himself and focused on the girl; the latter stiffened under his scrutiny stare. "Mine, was it?" An affirmative nod prompted him to continue. "You heard exactly the words I spoke. I never concurred to join Night Raid, no matter the reasoning behind its formation nor the objective that motivates your killings. I only offered my assistance to accomplish what I seek here. I chose the option with higher chance of survival and success against the odds stacked against me."

Mine fisted her arms as she seethed in anger at the cold word spoken that leaved her with no argument or whatsoever.

"If I may ask, what did you mean?"

Shirou looked at Sheele who was fidgeting in her place, the slender woman with long purple hair and purple eyes while she wore a revealing sleeveless lilac cheongsam with detached lilac arm sleeves and white boots to go with it and glasses; and a visible scar on her right cheek. "I'm pursuing a woman, and Night Raid would lead me to her, and in return I will do anything you have for me. That's would be suffice for you to learn."

"Girl trouble, huh?"

Shirou turned toward Bulat, a tall man with rather muscular persona, blue eyes and black hair that was combed up into heart shaped pompadour, while he dons a black shirt with green shoulders, chest armor and white pants with black boots and finishing his attire was a black leather jacket. But that wasn't what caught Shirou's attention eyes but the sly grin on his face that could innovatively pass as flabbergasting to him. Choking on his words for a moment, Shirou frowned, his right eye twitching once. "You can call it a girl trouble if you want, but I'm pursuing her to finish what we had

started."

"And that would be?"

Shirou tilted his head to look at lazing Lubbock with a perverted look, a young man with shoulder-length green hair, green eyes and red goggles on top of his head while he dons a long green jacket with a fur trimmed hood over a white and red ringer shirt and blue jeans with brown shoes. "To end our unfinished duel until one stands in the end." He turned around and waved over his shoulder as he departed. "You all might know her well enough, maybe better than me if I've not mistaken. Her nameâ€|no, you all are better off not knowing her name yet."

Shirou didn't care to look behind. He didn't find it congenial and appraisable to get attach to them, and ignoring their company was one of the various steps to ensure that he doesn't lose himself here. His existence was limited, and certainly when he shouldn't be here in the first place, not after his defeat. As he treaded through the darkness, he soon found himself at the cliff of the mountain that was into which the large hideout for assassins of Night Raid was constructed, somewhere in the midst of the forest, along a river, probably ten kilometers north from where the Capital was.

His mind swiftly drifted back to the conversation with Najenda, after she was relieved from the meeting with Revolutionary army commander, not long after his clash with Susanoo and his unhesitant denial to join the assassins. However, he still tagged with her for she was the one who had supposedly saved him.

He had decided to give her a benefit of doubt.

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><p>-FLASHBACK-

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><p>"Where's Susanoo?" Najenda shrugged her shoulder dismissively at the question prompting Shirou to arch an eyebrow. The little fact that her shoulder was hunched forward didn't go unnoticed by him, and it only narrowed the deduction on his part. "I assume, he won't be coming along with us." He supplied the most possible conclusion. "Isn't it?"<p>

Najenda shook her head, lighting another cigarette before blowing a long puff. "Susanoo's presence is mandatory here at the moment. The Revolutionary army plan to take down a criminal. They were seeking someone of Susanoo's level of skill. He would return later after his work here is accomplished."

"He's a Teigu, and without his master, he won't last long in battles."

"I know." Najenda pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed at the obvious. "That's why Susanoo won't be involved in any unwanted fight."

They continued to amble toward their supposed ride back to Night Raid's hideout in silence. Shirou had denied the offer to join Night

Raid, but since Najenda was the supposed One who saved him; and Night Raid competence to move freely inside the Capital without distracting much suspicious tempted him enough to tag along, since it might help him in a long run. In return, he would aid them in their missions. Cleansing the Capital of corruption certainly sounded appealing to him.

Wasn't that his ideal too? Borrowed, but the one he believes in.

But, he still couldn't understand, how he survived it. That blade had punctured right through his heart. No servant should withstand such assault, not even him. The worse however was the astonishing fact that he can replenish his mana all by himself. He was a servant without a master anymore, and likely he can act on his own accord, not that he finds anything worth his presence in this realm. However, he still wished to deliver justice here, and watch the things to its end.

Shirou looked at Najenda. "If you may answer me then I meant to ask this for sometimes now, how did you found me?"

Najenda quirks an eyebrow and let out an amusing chuckle, but there was astonishment in there that couldn't be camouflaged by her outer demeanor. "I found you unconscious and bleeding up on that mountain. You should have been dead, especially after dealing such lethal blow to your heart, but surprisingly your heart was still beating. I was intrigued beyond comprehension, and couldn't help but bring you along. The injury you had suffered, they hadn't healed properly, but by the time we reached the place, your wounds were sealed by itselfâ€¦like a mystery."

'So ironic, a mystery, am I?' Shirou nodded in understanding, a hand under his chin as he contemplated the situation. 'Apparently, even after the contract with my master was severed with my presumed death, I still managed to replenish my mana somehow. It might be a slow process, but I healed myself. Astonishing, but truth it was.'

"Tell me, Shirou." Najenda shifted her attention back at the white haired young man. "What kind of Teigu are you?"

Shirou shook his head in denial at the implication. "I'm afraid but I ain't a Teigu. However, I lack most part of my memories. I first sensed myself more akin to humans, but the vague memories make it's difficult for me now."

Najenda frowned at the innuendo. "You do remember whom you had been fighting at that terrain, don't you?" She inputted, assuming she could find something important from that.

"I do remember fighting her." Shirou nodded in affirmation. "That happens to be my former master from the Capital. I'm afraid though, I can't reveal you her name. That's the most I'm willing to offer yet."

Najenda didn't spoke anything for a moment before she inquired again. "Tell me Shirou, why did you accept to provide your assistance, but not become a part of Night Raid? Isn't both just the same?"

Shirou closed his eyes. "Because, Night Raid's need me as much as I

need them."

* * *

><p>-FLASHBACK END-

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><p>Shirou didn't remember how long he stood there at the cliff with his arms clasped behind his back, as he let the cold breeze caress his exposed skin, while the red shroud whips around in the winds. Sighing, he finally broke out of his wandering thoughts that had mesmerized him.<p>

The current circumstance was one of those predicaments when he doesn't know what to do. He could still hear the clattering of the metals as the swords greet each other. His eyes opened and the spherical orb focused in the direction, the Capital was supposed to be. For sometimes now, that inter-exchange had been bothering him. It maybe his gut feeling, but the fact that he was resisting the urge to pounce in that direction was intriguing to him.

"What are you staring at?"

Shirou doesn't need to look behind to presume Leone was standing behind with that rather cheerful and upbeat tone; the young woman with short blonde hair and two long bangs that frame the sides of her head and her golden eyes, while modesty indubitably wasn't her cup of tea since she was donning rather a revealing outfit with a black tube top, pants, boots and a scarf around her neck.

"Nothing specific, but I'm curious how safe this hide-out supposedly is?"

Leone arched an eyebrow and stifled a yawn. "I don't know, but hey, we haven't been found yet, you know. Lubbock has traps all around too, so any interfeerer might set off one, and end up in oblivious."

"I can see few from here." Shirou admitted, slightly amused at her nonchalance. For an assassin, she definitely doesn't have making for being one. Maybe, he was being hasty to judge her, but he couldn't help it.

"WHAT!? Really!?"

Shirou looked at the wide-eyed woman and shrugged nonchalantly. "Some of them are impressive; actually many of them are but nothing that can't be avoided." He gestured toward the far end, down in the wood which wasn't visible to Leone for obvious reason. "Take that snares type one for example; it can be easily dodged if the intruder is agile enough."

"That's like miles away." Leone gasped.

"Two kilo-meters at most." Shirou corrected, resisting snickering.

"I'm amazed."

Shirou chuckled at her priceless expression, before he turned around and straightened himself. "I would be retiring for the day. So, if you may please show me my quarter." He tilted his head slightly to look over his shoulder at the all hyped-up girl. "Would you?"

"Sure." Abruptly Leone stopped dead in her track and her rather joyous demeanor was replaced by a frown. "But, first I wanted to ask something."

"What is it? Go ahead and get it out of your system."

"Actually, I can see no doubt or weakness in your veteran eyes, and I can feel you're prepared for whatever may come your way. You-"

"How can you be so sure?" Shirou looked straight into those golden eyes obscured behind her hair bangs. "That I don't have any doubt and weakness, and I'm prepared. Tell me how Leone?"

Leone smiled, not the slushy or coy one but a sincere and genuine one. "I'd long ago surrendered myself to my instinct for survival, and it's yet to let me down. I know you're hiding somethingâ€¦many things actually." Shirou looked away and his body stiffened but Leone continued to speak. "We stumble showing courage in the shadow of night. But, you're trudging through the enemy territory like you know what you're going." She exhaled a deep breath. "Why are you doing this?"

Shirou sighed. "I can no longer turn back the path I choose for myself." He looked toward the never-ending sky glimmering with the stars while a mesmerizing spherical orb ruled it. "The path which was the dream of my life, an ideal borrowed from someone else, but in the end I decided to follow the same. There was a time when I could have visualized my dreams. Now, I'm not so sure. But even that couldn't prevent me from believing in those borrowed ideals." He closed his eyes and smiled contently. "Someday, I know someday, I would find my answer, which awaits me at the end of this path."

Leone shook his head. "Let's get going then. I'll show you your room." She laughed brushing past Shirou. "Somehow I can already feel, you're going to have a long day tomorrow."

Shirou let out a bemused chuckle. "You're not the only one feeling it."

* * *

><p>Thanks everyone who had favorite and followed this story so far. Though, the response quite doesn't meet the expectation. Either way, here's the second chapter adding to this new work. Hope you guys enjoyed it.

**Leave a review if you can, and I will see you in next chapter.
**

Until then, I'm signing out.

End
file.